

Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup.

There is certainly something remarkable in this preparation as it is meeting with a success never attained by any other medicine. It never fails if used as directed. For over twenty years I have been a great sufferer from the effects of a diseased stomach, and for three years past have been unable to do business. Two years ago my case was pronounced incurable. I visited different water cures and climates, all to no purpose. Last June I began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup (prepared by Hibbard's Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich.), and at once began to feel better. I have used thirteen bottles and am a well man.

Master Mechanic and Blacksmith, 202 Jackson street, Jackson, Mich.

Opposed to Gambling.

Dignified Senator (who has just secured the long term)—Edward, return those marbles to the boy who won them from. Playing keeps is a kind of gambling.

Youngest son (silently)—I didn't win 'em by playing "keeps." I got 'em by drawing a piece of paper that had my name on it out of a hat.

Dignified Senator—Er—you may keep them, my son. That isn't gambling.—Chicago Herald.

Nature in Convulsion.

Is terrific. Volcanic eruptions, cyclones, earthquakes are actually and tremendously picturesque, but scarcely desirable to emulate in action and effect by the administration of medicine which produce convulsion and agony in the abnormal portion of the human frame. Such is the effect of the old-fashioned violent purgatives happily falling more and more into disuse, and of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the wholesome, pleasant and far more effective succedaneum. They weakened the intestines—the Bitters invigorates them. They left the bowels inactive, because incapacitated by ensuring feebleness. The Bitters, on the contrary, and because it enables, not forces, them to act—a vast and fortunate difference—perpetuates their activity and regularity. The liver is immediately stimulated, as the kidneys also, by this medicine, which easily conquers, also, malaria, nervousness and rheumatism.

The fecundity of the sunfish is amazing. A sunfish six and one-half inches long, weighing about five and one-half ounces, has been known to produce in a single spawn 44,000 eggs, a most enormous number for so small a fish.

A Sensible Man.

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all Throat and Lung Troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized every druggist to give you a Sample Bottle Free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large Bottles 50 cents and \$1.

MEXICO is to have a magnificent Congressional Palace, the architect to be Placentini, who built the Palace of the Fine Arts in Rome.

S. JACOBS OIL

CURES PERMANENTLY Horse and Cattle Diseases.

For General Use.

The Arms' Palace and Stock Car Co., Toledo, Ohio, June 1888. We cheerfully recommend S. Jacobs Oil as the best for general use on stock.

IL ARMS & CO.

Cold, Swelled Limbs, Inflammation. My mare caught cold, resisted, swelled limbs, limp between fore and hind legs. Cured her with S. Jacobs Oil.

L. O. GARDNER.

As Druggist and Dealers.

THE CHARLES A. W. GELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

TELEGRAPHY. We guarantee a good paying position to every graduate.

American School of Telegraphy, Madison, Wis. Mention this paper when writing to advertisers.

\$65 A MONTH AND BOARD PAID, for highest commission and 30 DAYS CREDIT TO AGENTS ON NEW BOOKS.

J. S. ZEIGLER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

PRICE-LISTS OF RUG MACHINES, Patterns and Yarns, and Colored Pattern Book Free. Agents Wanted.

E. ROSS & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

PATENTS. F. A. LEHMANN, Patent Attorney, New York City.

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HOME STUDY. Bookkeeping, Business Forms, and all the latest and best of the day.

Hand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. BRYAN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N.Y.

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OPIUM. Habit, the only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sore relief. Price 50c. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

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PENSION. JOHN W. MORRIS, Pension Agent, Washington, D.C.

Successfully Prosecutes Claims for Pensions. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, 45 yrs since.

CATON'S FRENCH VITALIZERS. A Quick and Powerful Remedy for all the latest and best of the day.

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DETECTIVES. Wanted. Large number of men and women in detective work.

Representatives receive the International Detective, Criminal, and Police Gazette, and a full set of the latest and best of the day.

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

FREE. Prettiest BOOK ever printed.

SEEDS PACKET, and upwards according to rarity, scarcity, or cost. Cheapest of any by oz. or 100,000 extra.

Free. R. H. Shumway Rockford, Ill.

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

BILE BEANS. To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy, SMITH'S.

KISSING. The most popular of all the latest and best of the day.

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY.

LESSENS PAIN, DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD.

BRAIDFIELD REGULATOR CHICAGO, ILL.

AN UNCONSCIOUS SPY.

How a Woman's Kindness Nearly Led to Her Death.

During the late civil war Mrs. Wheeler, the Eugene healer, served as a nurse in the Union service. She had many thrilling experiences, and among them she had heard of the following: She was present at the battle of Spottsylvania. At the commencement of the battle a Union officer rode up to her and handed her a package of papers with the request that she should keep them safe until the battle was over, and then, if he (the officer) should not live to call for them, to deliver the package at headquarters. In the course of the fight a flank was turned, and Mrs. Wheeler and the rest of the hospital nurses captured by the rebels. Upon searching her person of course the papers were found and proved to be the work of a Union spy who had been inside the rebel lines. She was at once arraigned before a court-martial composed of rebel officers, and notwithstanding her statement of how she came by the papers and repeated protestations of innocence, she was formally convicted of being a spy and sentenced to be hanged at sunrise the next morning. She was then taken by a guard of three soldiers and confined in a small guard house which had but one small aperture admitting light and air, and through that aperture she saw the erection of the gallows on which she was to perish. What a grim perspective!

Inside the guard house there was nothing but the bare floor of earth and two dry goods boxes standing against a wall; no chair, no bed.

That night one of the guards entered the guard house with a piece of corn bread and a tin cup of water for her supper. Mrs. Wheeler spoke. The guard stopped. He then retired and locked the door upon her again. Later on in the night she heard a voice at the aperture say: "Move the small box!" She moved the box and discovered an aperture, which proved to be a tunnel. Through this tunnel she worked her way on her hands and knees for about one-fourth of a mile, when she emerged at its mouth and found a man and two saddle-horses standing there.

Mrs. Wheeler mounted one horse, and the man, who was disguised, the other. For six miles they rode on in darkness without speaking, but at the end of that time the man spoke and said: "You are now safe in the Union lines; ride on." And the man disappeared in the darkness like a shadow.

Mrs. Wheeler rode on until she came across a picket, who took her to General Heintzelman's headquarters. Last September, while taking a little outing at Anderson's, on the McKenzie River, Mrs. Wheeler and her preserver met and recognized each other after a lapse of twenty-six years. Her preserver's name is well known—Dr. B. F. Russell, now Postmaster at Thurston. He was one of the three guards. He was the disguised horseman.—Eugene (Ore.) Journal.

"Telling Their Ages."

No doubt this unwillingness about stating their ages is a weakness on the part of the voters; but it is not by any means a weakness that is confined to women. Men before now have resented the same question, though sensitiveness about one's age is a rarer infirmity, for many reasons, among men than it is among women. There is a good deal to justify it, moreover. There should be no good reason why any individual should not have the right to keep his age to himself if he prefers it. It would be quite enough for the law to require the registration officers to ask the question of voters: "Are you above the age of 21 years?" since, if he is above that minimum, his exact age cuts no figure whatever with regard to the privilege. The inquisitorial character of the registration requirements naturally grate more harshly upon women, who are new to the whole matter, than upon men, who are more or less hardened to such inquiries. And yet men frequently kick over the traces.

An orthodox clergyman in one of the suburban towns, a year or two ago, made a memorable scene at the Town Hall on one of the registration evenings because he was asked by the registrar whether he could read. He positively refused to read the required paragraph in the constitution, and he left the room in a high state of indignation. The scene ridiculous, and yet the clergyman had an undoubted right to resent what appeared to him an impertinent inquiry. In another case a bank-teller, who was perfectly well known to the registrar, became angry when asked if he could write, and would have refused to sign his name if he had not been expostulated with by his party manager, and reminded that the party could not afford to lose a vote. The teller signed his name, but he never forgave the registrar, who fastidiously refused to let him sign. The man was afterwards with difficulty restrained from chastising him on the street.—Boston Transcript.

No Angels in Theirs.

Early last summer a New-Englander moved out to a small town in Arizona and announced his intention of opening up a first-class grocery. He had a number of bills posted up, dwelling particularly on the fact that the business was to be square and above board. Just as he was getting ready to open shop a deputation of citizens waited on him and asked the newcomer if the statements on the placards were made in good faith. "You ought as well give us the full truth about this thing," said the leader. "You mean to say there ain't goin' to be no water in the vinegar?" "That's what I mean sir," replied the stranger, a little surprised; "nor no sand in the sugar!" "Ain't they goin' to be beans in the coffee?"

"Most decidedly not, sir!" "Nor chickery, neither?" "Never, gentlemen, I give you my word for it."

The crowd seemed nonplused for a moment, and the leader held a short consultation, at the end of which he said: "Say, stranger, we've concluded that you are a suspicious character. But first let me ask you if your cigars are goin' to be loaded with cabbage, you know?" "Not while I—"

"That's all we wanted to know. We gin you twenty-four hours to leave town, an you better leave. When we're in town of angels, we'll strap you a postal card Good-bay, stranger," and the deputation filed out.—American Review.

A Safe Name to Have.

In the year 1881, on the 15th day of December, the English ship *Mount* was crossing the straits and captured on a gale. If the ship-time passengers on board had not been saved, his name was Hugh Williams. On the 15th day, in the year 1881, a pleasure column was wrecked on the lake of Man. Three were saved, and the rest perished. The three who were saved on the boat, among them was Hugh Williams and his family. Of the three who were saved, Hugh Williams was the only one who was not killed.

iams survived the shock. On the 15th day of August, 1882, a picnic party on the Thames was run down by a coal barge. There were twenty-five of the picnicers, mostly children under 12 years of age. Hugh Williams, a visitor from Liverpool, only 5 years old, was the only one that returned to tell the tale. Now comes the most singular part of this singular story. On the 15th of August, in the year of our Lord 1889, a Leeds coal barge, with nine men, foundered; two of them, both Hugh Williams, an uncle and nephew, were rescued by some fishermen, and were the only men of the crew who lived to tell of the calamity. These are facts which can be substantiated.—Louis Mercury.

A Sioux Surprise Party.

A good many writers have asserted that an Indian is a born stoic, and that the reason he doesn't laugh or cry or express surprise or astonishment lies in the fact that nature did not intend him to. That's all nonsense, however. The Indian puts it all on for effect. I've heard him laugh as heartily as any white man, and I've seen them when they were positively thunder-struck with amazement. In 1868 the hostiles got to attacking one of the stage routes into Julesburg, and after they had killed a dozen people a part of my company was sent out to give the red man a setback. We rode over a section of the route one day, and toward evening secreted ourselves in a long, dry ravine, to see what would happen during the night. The stage was due there about 10 o'clock, and soon after 9 we got a surprise. A band of twenty-three Indians came from the West, struck the trail just above us, and came down and laid themselves away almost on top of us. We had our horses down around a bend, with guards to look after them, and the Indians had left their ponies at some other point. We were back in the dark, where they could not see us, while they were at the mouth of the ravine and every man of them showed against the starlight sky. We knew what they were after, and we prepared ourselves accordingly. There were twenty-eight of us, and we crept up inch by inch until, when we finally heard the rattle of the stage coach, we were not over twenty-five feet from the bunch of marauders. We could hear and see them making ready, and just as soon as they were about to dash out on the trail we gave them a volley.

Talk about an Indian not feeling surprised! Why, they yelled out like so many old women scared by a cow, and two or three of them shouted to the Great Spirit to save them as they ran. We killed twelve of them, and we kept with that volley and only one of the wounded lived beyond two days. The survivor was a middle-aged warrior, bearing the scars of many battles. I was asked to question him, and as he saw my purpose he shut himself up like a clam. I started off with:

"Has my brother a glass in which to see his face?"

"Why should I have?" he queried, interested at once.

"To see that your hair has turned as white as the snow?"

"No! It can't be! Get me a glass quick!"

At that the group around him burst out laughing, and the warrior looked up with a merry expression and said:

"I thought it was true. I was so scared that my heart stopped beating."

How Gold Rings are Made.

Gold rings are made from bars nine to fifteen inches long. One of these bars, fifteen inches long, two inches wide, and three-sixteenths of an inch thick, is worth \$1,000, and will make 400 four-pennyweight rings. A dozen processes and twenty minutes' time are required to convert this bar into magnificent rings. First a pair of shears cuts the bar into strips. Then by the turn of a wheel a guillotine-like blade attached to the machine cuts the bar into slices, one, two, or three sixteenths of an inch wide. A rolling machine next presses out the slices and makes them either flat or grooved. Each strip is then put under a blow-pipe and annealed. The oxide of copper comes to the surface and is put into a pickle of sulphuric acid, after which the gold is stamped "14k," "18k," or "10k" according to quality. Next it is put through a machine which bends it into the shape of a ring of the size required. The ends are then soldered with an alloy of inferior fineness to the quality of the ring. Many people think that rings are molten because they can't see where they are soldered. The ring spins through the turning lathe, is rounded, pared and polished, first with steel filings, then with tripoli and rouge.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

"Hell" in Japan.

The Japanese language has no equivalent for our word "hell," but has the word "jigoku" instead. Jigoku consists of—

First—Eight immense hot bells, hanging one beneath the other in tiers. Each of these bells has 10 additional bells outside its gates, like so many anticambers, so that there are in all 136 hot bells.

Second—There are eight large cold bells, each one with its 10 anticambers, making the same number of cold bells that there are hot bells. Besides these 27 hot and cold bells for the offenders of the common sorts, the wily Japs have arranged for 27 immense bells of steel darkness into which will be consigned the lost spirits of children who take the name of Dol Rutsa or Great Buddha, in vain.—Denver Republican.

Human Nature.

Yellowly—Just see that old drunkard they're taking into the station there! What a wreck he is.

Brownly—Yes, run appears to have downed him.

Y.—It's the way with 'em all; once they start there is no knowing where they will stop.

B.—That's so. Well, as it's a pretty cold night, suppose we go in and take a drink!

Y.—All right.—Boston Courier.

PHOTOGRAPHY has attained a recognized position in medicine. There are amateur photographers on the staff of nearly every hospital, and the extensive new building carried on at the English Royal College of Surgeons comprehended a "photograph room." Before long the surgeon will think no more about carrying his camera than he does now of carrying his stethoscope.

A PARIS paper recently offered an amusing Frenchman a reward for his autobiography. He declined the offer, and after getting a check for the amount he sent it to his wife, saying: "I have not time to write my autobiography, but I have not time to write my wife's either."—London Standard.

Tourists.

Whether on pleasure bent or business, should take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver, and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches, and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

THE records of deaths in the city of New York show that there were killed by street cars during the year 1888, 64 persons; by omnibuses and wagons, 55; and by illuminating gas 28, making the number killed by the electric current 148, insignificant compared with the deaths of individuals from any of the other causes named.

A man who has practiced medicine for forty years ought to know what he is doing. Read what he says:

TOLSON, Oct. 10, Jan. 10, 1887. Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most forty years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could recommend with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by you. Have positively cured many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure if they would take it according to directions.

Yours truly, L. L. GALT, M.D., Office, 215 Summit street. We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that can be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send us a card.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

THE average watch is composed of 175 different pieces, comprising upward of 2,400 separate and distinct operations in its manufacture. The balance wheel whirls 3,538 miles in one year.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills. These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No gripping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and as an appetizer, they exceed any other preparation.

A roxy of brandy will not help a young man in the race for business success, though it may carry him along at a fast pace.

Do you wish to know how to have no wrinkles and not the usual red on the cheeks? Ask your grocer for a bar of *Dahlia's Electric Soap*, and the directions will tell you how. Be sure to get no imitation.

"I WILL toss copper with you," remarked an stout to another as they made for a couple of policemen.

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS DR. THOMAS'S BRONCHIAL THROAT. Like all really good things, they are imitated. The genuine are sold only in boxes.

A REN is conscientious. Her chief object in life is to fill the bill.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. More fertile climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

No Option in Pick's cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

A SPOCKY diagnosis from smokers of "Tansill's Punch" is cheap.

Our Motto

"A dollar's worth for a dollar" is the motto of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other well-known vegetable remedies, and is pronounced by the strongest and best preparation of the kind yet produced. It gives its peculiar strength and medicinal merit to the fact that it is prepared by a Combination, Proprietor and Process peculiar to itself, discovered by the proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla and known to no other medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sells all druggists. 50c per bottle. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

LOW PRICE RAILROAD LANDS

FREE Government LANDS.

MILLIONS of Acres in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE, and full particulars.

CHAS. B. LAMBORN, S. E. PAUL, MINN.

SCOTT'S

EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda.

It is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites are in perfect combination for the cure of Consumption. It is the best remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrophula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is a perfect remedy for all the above diseases.

It is the best remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrophula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

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"Oh! where shall rest be found?"
The worn-out mother sighs:
"Tossers to mend and stockings to darn,
Dishes to wash and butter to churn,
While my back lags to break, and head and heart burn,
And life is a constant friction."

The Summer came and went,
The matron no longer sighs;
Elastic her step and rounded her cheek,
Work seems but play, life is now sweet,
And the change was made in one short week
By DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION.

As an invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For overworked, "worn-out," debilitated teachers, milliners, dress-makers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no sugar or syrup to debase digestion; a legitimate medicine, not a beverage.

As a soothing and strengthening serving, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant